

The Saturday Review

ALBERTA AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1910.

No. 35.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Should a daily newspaper wear a muzzle?

The question is not as foolish as it looks. Of course the reading public will at once say No! No! No! By no means. Officialdom will answer otherwise.

To explain.

Cases are constantly arising in which a newspaper is in possession of facts that it thinks should be called to the public attention. We will say that conditions at certain public institutions are known to be not as they ought to be. Matters respecting public health are at stake. Abuses of office seep out and reach a reporter's ear. Reforms along certain lines seem called for. A newspaper is the mouthpiece of the public or ought to be. It wants to know why. The public also wants to know. And so it sets on foot enquiries that it is hoped will lead to a better state of things. In doing so departments have to be investigated. The veil of secrecy and mystery and impenetrability which envelops the awful awe and majesty of officialdom generally has to be lifted, with the result that a great deal of hostility is aroused.

The paper is knocking someone. It has a grouse against this department and that. It is out to pamper to sensationalism and truckle to the crowd. And so on, and so forth. Private spite is said to be masquerading as a public duty. Officialdom gets sort, and avenues of information are stopped up. Very skillfully often, but still stopped up. What is a journal supposed to do in the circumstances? "Is it wise," argue certain interests to let the public know all "we" know. "Will it help them any to learn that affairs are not running along quite as smoothly as they are supposed to do?"

"The people always raise unnecessary rows; why bother them by telling them something they don't already know?"

And yet it is not this very bothering the very best thing for every person concerned? Isn't it instrumental in pulling a department or an official to order, or up short, as the case may be, quicker than any other argument you could name? Public opinion never yet failed to win its case, and as a newspaper is the voice of the people it has no option as to whether it shall speak or no. Public opinion demands that it shall do its duty.

There has been altogether too much of a man mistaking himself for his office in the past in Edmonton; office-holders forgetting that after they have come and gone, the office will go on as it has always done. A long succession of newspaper controversies and rows generally have been the result. As a matter of fact, the reporter who called an abuse to an official's notice, or his paper, suggests some method whereby the machinery in the city will run along more smoothly, is doing every one concerned a public favor, and the man or department who can't see it in this light had better get out.

It is all very well to conduct affairs in such a manner as to be "above criticism," but let no public servant for one moment imagine that in the public service his methods will not be investigated.

The part reporters play in the betterment of conditions in a town was very aptly illustrated locally last week by the reform brought about by The Daily Capital's man in having the police notified of every emergency call turned in. In the past this has been left altogether to chance, or any passing pedestrian. Many similar cases might be cited.

As to the argument advanced against so-called sensational items, mention might be made of the capture on Monday of the murderer, Molt, who escaped from the Hamilton Asylum and was captured on a farm, far distant through a neighbor recognizing his description from a newspaper report. The Cripple case is an even more telling illustration of what service the public press performs along these lines.

The Saturday News is indebted to Mr. R. B. Chadwick for the following excellent and timely article on the work of the Children's Aid Society.

During the past thirty years the care and training of the child has engaged the thoughtful attention of thinking men the world over. It is now generally recognised that if every child born into the world were given proper care, education and wholesome environment, the great stream of pauper and criminal adults now passing into our prisons and refuges to be maintained at tremendous expense, would be almost entirely cut off.

The cost of saving a child, and turning the current of its life into an avenue of happy self-respecting industry, is said to be less than two per cent of the cost of providing for confirmed criminals, and good people are springing up everywhere to advocate the claim of children, and secure for them the protection which our modern laws now wisely afford.

While the work of rescuing young lives from vicious surroundings and teaching has been going on apace, careful consideration has also been given to the methods of caring for children after they are removed from evil guardianship, and have become wards of the state community.

The plan in vogue up to a few years ago, was to place the children in institutions while undergoing special preparation for the duties and responsibilities of life. Institutions of the most costly description have been erected and endowed by good people the world over for the care and upbringing of the orphan or dependent child. While the motive for the work which has been done is of the highest, and nothing but words of praise can be given to those who have participated in this noble work for children, the belief has been spreading steadily for the past thirty years that such children can be better provided for by being placed in foster homes, under the normal conditions of life. A child needs love as a flower needs sunshine. The monotony of institutional life with its rules for all actions, and its system of directing every moment of time by a discipline of the most rigid character, has proved the bane of many a child's life. This monotony is unavoidable when children are massed together; the success of the institution depends on the reducing the moments of the daily plan to a routine which

living life under normal conditions of family and home. An institution, however good, can never take the place of a real home, or be anything but a poor imitation of the real article.

Institutions have their uses, but such uses are confined to the defective or degenerate, who need expert care and attention to correct their deficiencies.

The system of "placing out" depen-

wounded soldiers. Later, when the children were to be returned, the people who had received the children refused to give them up. Germany made a great discovery, and has encouraged the placing of children needing protection in foster homes.

In Australia, where the subject has received more attention than possibly any other country in the world, nearly all dependent and delinquent children are placed in foster homes and natura-

lized. From conditions of cruelty and neglect and placed in foster homes; over five hundred cases have been investigated by the various Children's Aid Societies throughout the province, many of the homes represented being kept under supervision for periods of a few months until the home life has swung back to normal. No child is removed from a home unless it has been absolutely proved that the home is not a fit place for the child and that it is

leaving behind it an unusually pleasant crop of memories.

Of course, Fair Week has a dual entity—there is the Exhibition from the point of view of the man who attends it as an exhibitor and with an eye to making use of the knowledge he gathers there, and the Exhibition of the careless, jolly crowd, the side-shows and dress parade.

As regards the former, while the threatening cold weather of the early part of the week undoubtedly kept a great many away who would otherwise have been present, it in no wise detracted from the magnificent stock of exhibits, and indeed forced a great many of the careless crowd who do not as a rule put in much time "surveying" the live-stock, to make the rounds of the buildings, as many confessed, to their great amazement, delight and future profit.

Tuesday being called off as opening day, owing to the impossible weather, Wednesday found hundreds of people early astir to peep out and see just what was doing. Over-head the sun was shining in quite her wonted Al-bertan way, but the roads, the roads ran seas of mud, Autos floundered in it; heavy teams had all they could do to keep their feet. But the crowd were out to do the Exhibition, and by one forty-five when His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, declared the Fair formally opened, a good many thousand people had already made their way to the grounds and by the time the races were on and the programme had properly started, even the directors had little cause to complain of their hard luck or any lack of attendance.

Exhibition Park is laid out by the designers is a natural theatre. Coming in at the main gate reserved for foot traffic, one passes along the central wing or Midway, to the immense grand-stand, where, stretches before you a magnificent sweep of the entire stage. In the centre is the race-track, bounded on all sides by a circular sweep of white buildings. With one glance one can take it all in, an impression of cool green and white, of playing fountains and well-ordered turf; Prosperity, plenty and good management typified in every particular.

During the day there is enough to do investigating the various buildings and their contents. Splendid horse-flesh, beautiful cattle, prize swine, chickens, dogs; each to his taste. Then on to the dairy department where tubs and plats of golden butter and cheese repose in such spotless cleanliness and temptingly, as to make one forget they have ever heard milk or its products traded.

By the time one has wandered admiringly through the Horticultural Building the crowd is gathering on the stand, and the races and attractions commence.

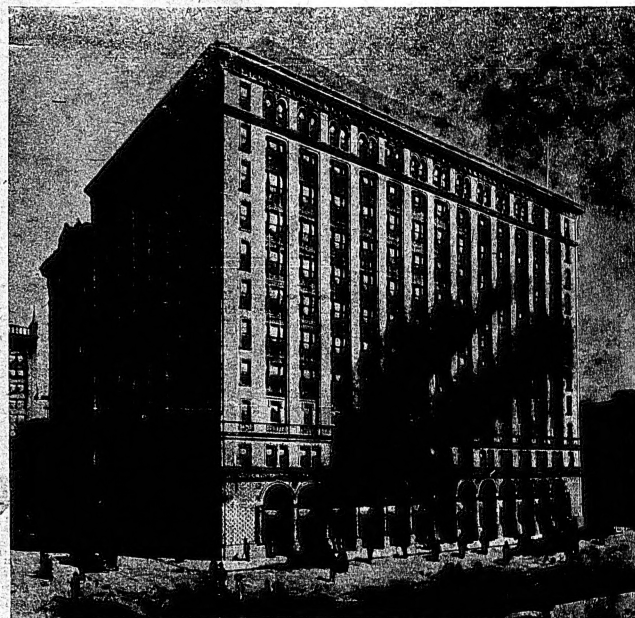
Those on Wednesday, despite the heavy track, were exceedingly good and aroused a great deal of interest and excitement.

I can think of no prettier sight than the swing of the gallant young horses round the fan-like curves, neck and neck, half-a-head in advance; The race anyone's to the tape-line.

I saw one minister tip-toeing it, high up on the stand, and caught a "go it, little girl," as the bay mare of his choice, just nosed it at the critical moment. The acrobats and tumblers were marvels of cleverness and agility, and held the crowd breathless with their contortions and monkey-like nimbleness.

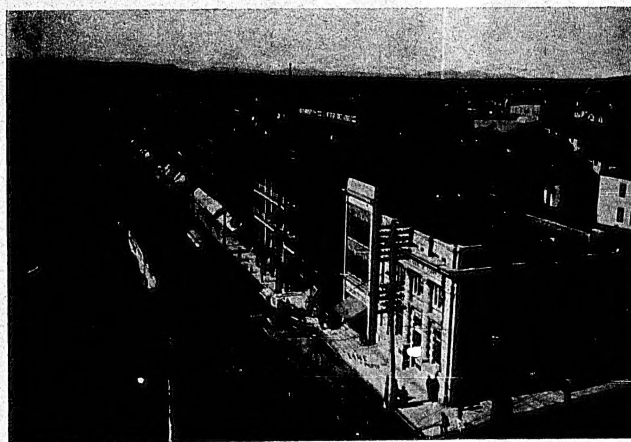
For my own part I prefer to do the Mid-Way by the light of the moon and the kindly illuminizing rays of electric bulbs on rouge and powder. Then the hawkers' cries bestir in one the promise of unknown mystery and adventure, and little green parrots babble most insinuatingly of happy fortunes in store. Then the shooting galleries, rove in even amateurs the most marvelous confidence in their skill to secure some of the coveted ducks and prize brass watches. The swartly palmists take on a supernatural look; a five-footed horse comes to be looked on as one of the wonders of the age. The mystery time, when night lights up her countless candles. Of an afternoon one takes a tea, between races, at one of the

(Continued on Page 4.)



LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Transportation Building, to be erected in Montreal at a cost of \$1,000,000. The building is to be reared during 1911 on the site bounded by St. James, St. Francois Xavier and Notre Dame Streets. An area of 20,000 square feet will be covered by this eleven-story structure. The architects are Messrs. Carrere & Hastings and Eustace G. Bird, Traders Bank Building, Toronto; Ross & MacFarlane, Associate Architects, Montreal. The Transportation Company, of Montreal, H. W. Beaulieu, Managing Director, will erect and own this building.



How Canadian centres are growing.—A View of Port Arthur, from a recent photograph.

shall move with exactitude, and the inmates must move along prescribed lines, the result of this monotony of existence has produced a type which is known as the "institutionalized" type, a dull spiritless individual who as a rule is lacking in force of individuality, and who would prefer the ordered day of the institution to the hurry and responsibility of life under its normal conditions.

Children need variety of sights and sounds, of food and occupation if they are to grow up to be real citizens of any country. A child learns life by

absorbed into the life of the community.

The Children's Protection Act has been in force in Alberta since 1909 and is possibly one of the most modern and best pieces of legislation extant for the protection of children to day. The Act is founded on the experience of other countries, where time and money has been spent in finding out the things to do, and just as important, the things not to do.

Since the inception of the act in 1909 something over one hundred and twenty-five children have been rescued

from conditions of cruelty and neglect and placed in foster homes; over five hundred cases have been investigated by the various Children's Aid Societies throughout the province, many of the homes represented being kept under supervision for periods of a few months until the home life has swung back to normal. No child is removed from a home unless it has been absolutely proved that the home is not a fit place for the child and that it is

not amenable to correction of its flagrant deficiencies.

Over seven hundred children have been placed on probation since the Children's Protection Act has been law in Alberta. This means that they have been either caught in some unlawful act or have been associating with those guilty of breaking the laws of the country. In every case some one has been found who has been willing to give the child a little time and attention in the way of friendly oversight and advice, and receive his or her report of weekly conduct.

This work is not provided for as a Government work, but is brought about by a combination of municipal and personal philanthropy, each society taking care of its own finances, and providing the funds to meet the expenditure necessary to the success of the work, but operating under the supervision of the Department of the Attorney General of the Province.

As we go to press, the Probs, Man and Alberta Sunshine are having it out with each other as to whether Fair Week is going to be a tremendous success or a fizzle, from a weather point of view. It is the only point on which there can be any question. Never in the history of municipal enterprise has there been greater unanimity with regard to the success of any undertaking, than has been freely expressed by the ratepayers, that they have got dollar for dollar and good interest on their money, in their Exhibition Park and its buildings.

This is so critical a community is saying much. And whether skies lower and the floods descend, as they so unfortunately at the present moment promise to do, or whether the remainder of the week is one happy carnival of sunshine, the Edmonton Exhibition of 1910 is bound to retire

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NOTICE TO STEIN
ENGINEERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
that an examination will be held by
David Fraser, a duly appointed in-
spector of steam boilers for the Pro-
vince of Alberta, at Vegreville, Aug.
31st, Alberta Hotel; Fort Saskatchewan,
Sept. 1st, Queen's Hotel; Strath-
cona, Sept. 3rd, Orange Hall; Tofield,
Sept. 5th, Hotel; Wainwright, Sept.
7th, Wainwright Hotel; Viking, Sept.
8th, Hotel; Morinville, Sept. 10th,
Morinville Hotel; Stony Plain, Sept.
12th, Bismarck Hotel; at 9 o'clock
a.m. for the purpose of giving en-
gineers and permittees an opportu-
nity for re-examination under the pro-
visions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.
Application forms may be obtained
on application to the Department or
to the above-named inspector, and
must be properly filled out, witnessed,
and detested to before a Com-
missioner or Justice of the Peace be-
fore an examination can be granted.
JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister.
Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta.

A-13-20-27

HOME AND SOCIETY

"From London Town to Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by.
For you, for you I pause and con,
A Stander-by."

The Attorney-General and Mrs.
Mitchell have taken Dr. Riddell's resi-
dence during Mrs. Riddell's absence in
Europe, and will probably move to
town in early September.

Again I have to report an event-
less week socially. With such an ex-
hibition in town, it would be won-
derful indeed if people did think of
entertaining. However, the past few
days have found everyone enjoying
his and herself immensely, the fun
centring around the Fair where all
sorts of happy little parties foregathered
and "did" the show from the
exhibits to the "Pike."

There were dinner and tea parties
galore if you will, but so "al fresco-
ish" as to be beyond my powers to
describe. The sandwiches were too
healthy, the benches too picknick to
figure in a cut and dried social write-
up, and so I have let them alone, to
be remembered as so many voyages
of adventure rather than as any really-
true parties.

On Thursday I saw practically the
World and his Wife at the big Fair.
In the Lieutenant-Governor's box
were the Premier, Mrs. W. C. Inglis,
Mrs. Hislop, Mr. Babbitt and later
Mrs. James Smith and Mrs. O'Leary.
Each day Mrs. Ross Campbell en-
tertained a merry party of girls in
the President's box. Sheriff Robert-
son, Mr. John McDougall, Mr. Joseph
Morris, the Hon. Duncan Marshall,
Dr. Dunn and Mr. Kenneth were
just noticed occupying "loges" on
Thursday.

In the vast grand-stand I could also
notice Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale and
Miss Hudspeth and Mr. and Mrs.
Dick Scoble enjoying a little party of
their own; and here and there Dr. and
Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson
of Strathcona, Mr. and Mrs. Swais-
land, Major and Mrs. Goughart and
Miss Eleanor Taylor and a party of
young people; Mr. and Mrs. Sommer-
ville, Mr. Hoadley of Okotoks, who
can pick a winner every time and so
many others space forbids their men-
tion. Doubtless the closing days of
the Exhibition will be equally jolly
and successful, and I am sure the di-
rectors can breathe a "Sursum Corda"
that things have turned out as they did.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacDougall and
their family are expected home from
abroad the first week in September.

Mr. and Miss Crosskill leave for a
holiday at Banff early in the week.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Horace Har-
vey and their son, Alan, are spend-
ing a few days at Banff.

The
SUPREME COURT
of
ALBERTA

Sittings of the Supreme Court of
Alberta, en banc and for the trial
of Cases, Civil and Criminal, and for
the hearing of motions and other
civil business will be held at the fol-
lowing times and places. When the
date set for the opening of a court
or sitting is a holiday such Court or
sitting shall be commenced on the day fol-
lowing such holiday.

Sittings of the Supreme Court en
banc:

EDMONTON—Third Tuesday in
September and March.

CALGARY—First Tuesday in Sep-
tember and March.

For Trial of Civil Non-Jury Causes:

EDMONTON and CALGARY—
First Tuesday in each of October, Novem-
ber, February, March, April and
May, and Third Tuesday in June.

For Trial of Criminal and Civil Jury
Causes:

EDMONTON and CALGARY—
Third Tuesday in October, February
and May.

For Trial of all Civil and Criminal
Causes:

WETASKIWIN—First Tuesday in
October and April.

RED DEER—Second Tuesday in
November and April.

MEDICINE HAT—Second Tues-
day in October and April.

MACLEOD—Fourth Tuesday in
November and May.

LETHBRIDGE—Fourth Tuesday
in October and April.



The experience is in the tank

I understand that Mrs. Jack An-
derson will not return from Ottawa
and her trip abroad until after Miss
Oliver's wedding.

I see that Dr. Ella Synge has her
new offices at the Misses Porter's
pension on Seventh street, with a pri-
vate side entrance.

Mrs. J. D. Harrison has come in
from her camp at Cooking Lake for
the season, probably going out for
just the week-ends while the fine wea-
ther lasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale and Mr.
and Mrs. Scoble went out to Waba-
num Lake on Friday for a visit of a
day or two.

Mrs. Nightingale has her sister,
Miss Gertrude Hudspeth of Port
Hope, with her on a visit.

I hear that Mrs. Barnes and her
family are returning from Banff the
end of this week.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Charles-
worth are likely to go abroad for a
three month's holiday some time in
January.

Major-General, Sir Baden-Powell,
who is an old friend of Mrs. E. G.
Palmer of Fifth street, and her peo-
ple, took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Pal-
mer on Monday afternoon, and spent
a delightful hour chatting over the
tea-cups.

There is some talk of postponing
the Golf Club dance which was to
have taken place on September 5th,
the last day of the tournament, until
that date a month later.

The tournament will be on the 3rd,
4th and 5th of September, which
means that many will be too tired to
enter into the spirit of a dance im-
mediately after so strenuous a three
days. As yet, however, nothing defi-
nite has been decided.

The play, "Mrs. Goring's Neck-
lace," has been definitely set for Sep-
tember 3rd and 10th at the Empire,
with a matinee probably on the last
day.

Mrs. York of Vancouver and her
small daughter, Isabel, arrived in town
last Saturday and are the guests of
Mr. and Mrs. Lorne York of Seventh
street.

Mrs. York expects to return home
this Saturday.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson arrived in town
last week and is the guest of Mrs.
Brathwaite. Miss Wilson and Miss
Marjory Wilson are also here visit-
ing among their girl friends.

In reply to shoals of kindly en-
quiries regarding Mr. Balmer Watt, the
editor of the Saturday News, who was
in the terrible train wreck at Durand,
Mich., I can only say that as we go
to press no particulars have reached
the office other than that Mr. Watt
was burned about the hands and face,
and that there is no danger.

One is apt to think of England as
the place for picturesque names, but
a New York apartment house is a
close rival. Each hall has its own la-
bel. One is called "Early Bird row";
another "Powder and Puff Lane," be-
cause of the sex of its inhabitants; a
third, where both sexes dwell, is
termed "Squabble Alley." The elevator
boy, who is an astute observer of hu-
man nature, is responsible for giving
these names.



(By Alice Van Leer Carrick)
Where are my borrowed volumes,
say?
Where are the books I used to own?
Banished like mists at break of day,
Vanished like summer nestlings
 flown.

My shelves are empty and alone,
And I must bitterly repine,
Lamenting easy kindness shown.
Where are the books that once were
mine?

Return my prized "Clarissa," pray,
My Ruskin decorous in tone,
My "Esmond" bound in leathers gay.
Ah, that one loss I can't condone!
My shabby, dog-eared, thumb'd
"Moonstone,"

My new "Trail of the Lonely Pine,"
My lost "Laverago" makes me moan,
Where are the books that once were
mine?

I miss my Herford's witty way,
I want my "Water Babies" grown
Perchance to manhood ere this day;
I crave my Herrick, my Shensstone,
My Shaw to Paradoxes prone,
My "What to Eat and How to
Dine."

On sterile sands my trust was sown
Where are the books that once were
mine?

How one poor "Kiddie" saw the
Fair:
"She hailed the open car and got on,
dragging a small child after her. The
child was not only small, but hot, tired
and unhappy. His boots and jumper
liked as if they had been pulled
through a mud bath, his fat legs
stumbled, as if weary, and his face
was covered with a pasty combination
of dirt and tears. She put him down
hard on the seat beside her.

"There, Jimmy, ain't this nice?" she
asked, but her grim tone carried no
conviction of "niceness" whatever.
Jimmy only sniffed.

"See that dog, Jimmy," It was a
command, not a question. Jimmy did
not vouchsafe even a glance.

"Want your cracker, Jimmy?"
The small chap struck at the uninvit-
ing viand proffered him. "I don't
want no old cracker!" he whined. "I
want some candy."

"Now, you ain't going to get any
candy," responded his guardian angel.
"Candy ain't good for little boys. Why
don't you set up and look pleasant? I
shan't ever take you out for a good
time again if you're going to act this
way."

Jimmy's accumulated woes broke
forth:

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in order cost to the selling
value of any house in which
it is installed—and pays for
itself as well as the coal it
saves.
It's Free Catalogue, once
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mation on the subject of heating. Shows
the advantages of hot water or steam
heating over the warm air furnace.
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REALTOR

Continued from p. 47, four.)

"I HONESTLY BELIEVE 'FRUIT-A-TIVES'"

The Greatest Cure For Rheumatism In The World"

KNOWLTON, QUE., Oct. 12th, 1909.

"For many years, I suffered from severe Rheumatism, and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work. I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from the disease.

I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has entirely cured me and I honestly believe it is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world."

R. E. MILLIS.

Such a statement could not be bought from a man like Mr. Millis. He thinks too much of his good name, to sell it or sign it to an untruth. Mr. Millis tried "Fruit-a-tives" after all other treatment failed—and "Fruit-a-tives" cured him of Rheumatism. In the goodness of his heart, he wrote the above letter in order that sufferers in all parts of Canada would know that there is one remedy that actually does cure Rheumatism. This testimonial was entirely unsolicited on our part. We did not know that Mr. Millis was taking "Fruit-a-tives" until we received the above letter.

It is a case like Mr. Millis' that proves the marvelous powers of "Fruit-a-tives" in arresting and curing disease. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that "Fruit-a-tives" will positively cure Rheumatism when properly used. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices and is the greatest Rheumatism cure known to modern science.

Get a box, 6 for \$2.50 or 12 for \$4.50. Sold by all dealers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



A NATURAL POSE

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THE following toilet articles have just been received and placed in stock. Your order for any of these will be appreciated and filled from perfectly fresh goods:

Squibb's Talcum
Hodent's Talcum
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and Soap
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IN BOSTON

Just after the closing of the theatre—and the barroom—a night or two ago, a closed car marked "Norfolk street" left the Dudley street transfer station. It was crowded to the doors. About half way down the car was seated an amiable man of middle age with a tremendous burden of intoxicants who restrained himself from sleep with difficulty.

The car was howling along the other side of Grove Hill, still well filled, when the drunk gently pulled the coat of a young man in front of him. "Where are we?" he asked, with some difficulty.

"Columbia road," replied the young man.

"All right, I've gone by," said the older one, setting himself contentedly.

"Come by your street? Then you want to get off, don't you?"

"The drunk smiled sweetly. 'In all this crowd,' he said, 'Not'n your A 24, 31 S 7.

life. I'm goin' t' the end of the line.

pay together fare, tell the conductor where I live when it's quiet, an' he'll see I get home a'right. Don't you worry, young feller. Done it often."

—Boston Traveler.

The Store of Quality

Better
Bread
Service

Having made recent alterations we are in a better position than ever to supply the public with the

Best Bread

in the City.

Delivered daily to all parts of the City

Try a loaf of
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Made only by

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Andrews & Sons

Undertakers

Prompt attention day or night calls

524 Namey Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

CITY FLOUR MILLS

When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour

Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottewell

EDMONTON, ALTA.



A BARGAIN

(By Grace Livingstone Hill)
I sold my conscience to the world;
The price, I thought, was good.
The conscience—'twas a useless thing:
I needed clothes and food!

But when 'twas gone, my joy went too.

And peace had flown away.

The things the world gave in their place

Were broken in a day.

And then the way grew steep and dark,

My feet began to slide,

I did not know which way to go,

For I had lost my guide.

I bought my conscience back again—

My conscience worn and old!

The world demanded thrice the price,

Since I to him had sold.

Just all I had I paid for it,

And took the poor thing back.

And turned me to my empty home,

Yet did not feel a lack.

It nestled to my heart again,

And held my life as true,

And showed me right and wrong as clear

As if it had been new

I have my conscience back again.

The world may keep its gold,

For peace and joy have flown back too,

And never shall be sold!

The Daily Capital's account of the

death of the unfortunate young lines-

man last week, must have furnished

food for reflection and amazement to

many readers.

That a young man should meet so

tragic a fate, and then be permitted to

lie, a morbid spectacle on a sidewalk

in the heart of a city, for twenty

minutes or more, with not even a

kindly covering to veil him from the

ghoulishly curious gaze of a mob of

passing men, women and children—

that, I say, is a state of affairs al-

too horrible to be tolerated.

Here, I suppose, some red tape ar-

tist rises to suggest that there is some

foot law that forbids a body being

touching or the position, etc., altered in

any way until the coroner ar-

ives. I know all that, but when a

man expires, as in this particular

case, before the eyes of a number of

passers-by, the care of deathly pa-

lably evident, no common decent at-

tentions that might have been paid

the remains, it seems to me, could

have affected the finding of jury or

coroner in the very slightest degree.

The man was dead, pronounced so

by an attending physician. "The dan-

gling, telegraph wires told the reason

in so simple a fashion that any child

might read, yet because one particu-

lar man hadn't "viewed" the scene,

the chief actor in the tragedy, the

poor ghost of a man, is made to hold

up his position until this particular

party arrives. The thing is shame-

ful.

If you're going to be so logical and

Red Taper, and afraid to move gen-

erally, can you tell me why they ever

brought down the body in the first in-

stance? Why not have let it hang

there to make a Roman holiday for

the dear crowd who so quickly gath-

ered? The man was dead, you know,

and a dead body must never be moved.

Once down, however, why in the name

of humanity, of common charity, did

they lay it on a public street, a pitiful

object, for those who did, or didn't

want to see? They had moved it

once, why not, then, have carried it

within doors until an ambulance or

some covered vehicle, not a dry, cold

have been summoned? What wise

heads must have been in that crowd,

that no message was sent to the

police or undertakers, before twenty

minutes or half an hour had elapsed!

I see by a hysterical paragraph in

the Morning Home Journal, that the

reporter of that highly accurate paper,

had an interview with the Chief of

Police, (sounds as if, from the tone of

it, it was the first he ever had had,

and it had gone to his head), and that

the chief was very much annoyed at

the Daily Capital for their report of

the case.

"Once on the way," he is said to

have said, "the body was covered."

Even so, what about twenty minutes

on the sidewalk, face bared to the

blazing, scorching sun?

The detail, as to the brief ride, is

too petty, once the crowd had gazed

their fill, to constitute a point.

But what matters, and matters a

great deal, is that a day, a furniture

day, a thing we use to cart dead

horses and dogs and other unfortun-

ate dumb beasts, who have departed

this life, was also used as a shabby, rattling funeral car for a human being. And this in the very heart of an up-to-date city like Edmonton.

Had the poor chap the plague, that no other rig was available?

Meanwhile, the boys sat up in their seats on the ambulance, a-scaared to move or act. Cuz, cuz why? Red Tape, my friend, yards more of it.

I don't blame the boys. Red Tape's a mighty powerful thing. Bread and butter, comfort, home, everything that keeps life in a body, or makes it worth the living, but—it's time we wound up some of this junk string, and put Humanity, Expediency and Christian Charity in its place.

It may not be the duty of the ambulance boys to transfer corpses. I am quite sure it isn't. But there is such a thing as circumstances altering cases.

Of course if the people of Edmonton—and who knows whose turn it will be next—prefer to have the bodies of their kind, their human kind, rattled through the streets on a dray, rather than that Red Tape should be shocked into action, I have nothing more to say.

I can only add, I wonder the officials didn't complete the farce and throw the body into the Incinerator. It would have been all of a line.

Next comes the ubiquitous small boy on the scene. He always does come at a time like this. The Capital stated that he was a youth of tender years, four or thereabouts, and that he clambered on the dray and escorted the body. That Great and Accurate Hum Journal denies, with an oath almost, that it was so. The chief told him he was a lad of nine or ten summers.

Quibbling, quibbling, quibbling! The boy, be he four or nine, was there. That's sufficient. We don't need anything more than that. Why was he there? Who let him get there?

Someone scared to move again, no doubt, and order him off.

Now, how long are these things going to be allowed in Edmonton?

How long must I expect any old time, to come across a similar sight on a public street in this town? If you let me know that this sort of thing is to continue, I'll pack my trunk now, for I won't stay in a community that pursues such barbarous practices.

The Chief says he has no quarrel with the Capital. Neither has it or the Saturday News any animosity towards him. He is one of the few, the very few, right men in the right place. Courteous, obliging, and on to his job, a splendid officer, and a Chief whom all of his men respect, but—he is not infallible. His force is not perfect. Therefore—when a paper calls such an affair as the case in point, to his attention, I think he would be wise, as he was in the end, to realize that a newspaper in commenting on the tardiness in arrival of the police, at such a time, is not reflecting on him, but is merely pointing out where some better and more direct method of notification of headquarters should be adopted. This reform, thanks to the Daily Capital, has been arranged for, and as a consequence our respected Coemps sees green, yellow and every other shade.

A little less jealousy, and some little explanation of that stolen sporting telegram from the Daily Capital, would be more in order from our journalistic brother.

Low Tide

(By Necta Marquis)

A wide moist stretch of amber-colored sand.

A slim-legged bird's reflection where the sea

Has slid back slowly, leaving on the strand

A strip of mirror gleaming silverly.

Dank, scattered kelp, loose sea-grass green and long.

The shell-rough space where lads a-clamming go,

A thin, smooth line of wavelets, soft of song—

All these betoken that the tide is low.

Far down the beach my gaze goes wandering,

Untried beneath the cool sky fleeced with gray.

To where a slender ship, gull-light of wing,

Rears the pale headland, dips, and the bit away.

Beyond the headland, shadowy with mist

My swift, sweet thoughts on wing a-homing go

In strong, true flight to keep a happy tryst,

With hearts that love me, when the tide is low.



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price

and fine quality

I never knew Sunny Alberta and the Weather Man behave so disgracefully as they promised to do this Tuesday morning, the Opening Day of the Great Fair. Such sulks, such coldness, such storms of weeping, such unpleasantness generally! But isn't it always the same, with babies, children and the Weather Man?

Sunny Alberta, who can conduct himself better than any child I know, is the one who surprises me. Take a picnic morning, the day you are rushing to get off on a train: When you are giving a party, or so busy you don't know how you'll get through with your work, and don't the babies, Tommy and Mary, and the Frob, Man take that particular time to "act up" as a matter of course? I never knew it to fail.

But, as I said, the Sunny Girl is the big disappointment.

No matter how mean the Weather Man has been, hasn't she come out with her sunny smile, our dear Alberta, and charmed every guest who has come to visit us?

No matter how the roads ran rivers of mud; no matter how "down and out" things have seemed generally through banks of cloud and lowering skies, there she was, the faithful soul, to give us a cheer. Alberta, child of our hearts and sunny of smile! Come back to your own. Peep out at us, and bless our Exhibition. Don't play us false just this once.

I wonder how many people have—
(Continued on page four)

The People of Edmonton

will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$2.00 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.

All our facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our customers.

A special room is provided for women.

Money deposited and withdrawn may be made deposits and withdrawals may be made without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,628,700
Capital Paid Up, \$3,400,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West

Your Savings Account is solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK Manager

FINE HOME GROWN

TOMATOES

Highest Quality

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RAMSAY'S GREENHOUSES

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TEETHING

The pain is usually relieved
and the fever reduced by
rubbing the gums with
this medicine on the feet, with
a diamond on the foot.

MATHEW'S NERVE POWDERS

the wonderful headache cure



18 in a box, 25c. Sold
everywhere. If your
dealer does not keep
them we mail box on
receipt of 25c.

J. L. Mathew Co. Prop.
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The wholesale Distributors for Western Canada
of Mathew's Nerve Powders, and also of
Mathew's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil, the
great remedy for coughs, are

FOLEY BROS. LARSON & CO.
Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver

The Mirror

(Continued from Page Three)

been buying their tickets, particularly for short journeys on the trains out of Edmonton, because they couldn't get within ten yards of the wicket to purchase them?

This seems to be, from what I can see and hear, so common an occurrence as to be worthy of comment.

The other day I made a railway company a present of fifteen cents on an eighty-five cent ticket, because, though I was at the station twelve minutes ahead of time, I couldn't get anywhere near the wicket.

Now, no one wants to wait half an hour at a station for the mere joy and satisfaction of possessing themselves of a bit of pasteboard. Yet on that train I saw people I noticed in the waiting-room as I arrived, having to pay their extra money because the company were unable to serve them at the depot. This is all wrong.

At the C.N.R. station one man and one wicket are in charge of two service lines, the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. Surely this is asking too much of any man!

No ticket, no baggage checked. You see the point, the nuisance, and inconvenience occasioned. I have heard complaints both loud and deep from many victims, and certainly, it is high time something was done to remedy the evil.

I have been reading a great deal lately about school-gardening and the improvement of school and home grounds, about fine lawns, and parks

with lots of flowers and all that sort of thing; and I have just been wondering if the good old and useful adjunct of home and school life, known as the "yard," or back-yard, isn't in danger of disappearing altogether.

Nowadays one hears comparatively little as to "yards," but a great deal about lawns and grounds, which don't begin to measure up to the same delight.

"Keep off the grass" signs are becoming altogether too frequent. We are getting so "nice," we are forgetting how children used to enjoy themselves.

Take the old school-yard for instance, where you used to be free to rush about at "Pom Pom Pullaway," at "Squat Tag," "Prisoner's Base," "I spy," and all the other favorites. Do you suppose the flower beds are going to make up for this happy-go-lucky "common," where there was nothing to hurt, and a fellow could turn up his heels and thank kind fortune he was alive? Could any lawn make up to you for the familiar back yard, where Tom and Alan and Jack and the girls used to while away the hours playing "knife" or "marbles," making freezer-falls of ice-cream, tea-partying, building castles, yes and castles in the air; playing in and about the old carriage shed, and all those other dear delights, the years have not stolen the memory of?

There are, of course, still some yards, but they are mostly in old-fashioned towns, villages, and the country. The increase in population and the high value of land in city suburbs and in the city itself, has created a state of affairs where yards have become prohibitive. The same, with all the newer conception of improvements, is true of the school-houses. The space around them has grown smaller, and decorative shrubbery and restrictive rules have combined to render almost impossible the hearty, wholesome, boisterous play in which we all participated. There has, of course, been a great and wholly admirable increase in the number of public playgrounds, but it is difficult to make them take the place of the old-fashioned yard, and the homes and school-houses which still possess good yards, have something not lightly to be given up or decorated too finely with plants and flowers

Lonesome in Town.

(By John G. Neihardt)
The grey light dies; the fog shuts down.
The street lamp flares and splutters;
The rain sighs through the huddled town
And mumbles in the gutters.

The emptied thoroughfares become
Wierd streams of hazy light.
They issue from the dusk and, dumb,
Flow on into the night.
The snarling trolley grumbles past,

Its snapping wire glows;
Again where you pale light is cast
The hackman's horses doze.

In vain the bargain windows wink,
The passers-by are few;
The grim walls stretch away, and
The shutters shrink

In dull electric blue.

But oh, far over hills and dell,
The cows come up the lane,
With steaming flanks and fog-dulled
bells

Atinkle in the rain.

There is no man in all the world
who can take a body down in pride
like a first-class printer—one with
ideas of his own. I know this because
ours have so frequently reduced me to
the state of an ostrich.

I break into French, two words
merely. I write "au naturel." Ah! but he soon kills that. Let the proof
read correctly if it will, the printed
page comes out "as natural"—with
italic marks, though for what I don't
know. I venture on one word "finis,"
to be corrected to "finish." Even bald
English isn't safe. I am reduced to a
state of despair. Are there any
kindly-disposed readers who will try
and understand when I am seemingly
made to appear an idiotic goose?

A test of friendship! Be true to me.

PEGGY.

The Lounger

(Continued from Page Three.)

of the hurrying years." The Boston
Traveler continues with the report
of his speech:

"To the merry notes of this fine old
instrument the broadened dames of fair
France may have danced the minuet
in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the
vestal virgins marched to its music
in the feasts of Lupercalia. Hal it
bears an abrasion, perhaps the touch
of fire. Why, this may have been the
very fiddle on which Nero played
while Rome burned."

He paused to receive offers for this
precious thing.
"Thirty cents," said a red-haired man
in the front row.
"It's yours!" cried the auctioneer,
cheerfully. "What's next?"

Parson (catching): "And what is
your duty towards your neighbor?"
Sharp Boy: "To keep your eye on
him, sir!"

Jack Nervey: "I'm going to kiss
you when I leave this house tonight."
May Kutsky: "Leave the house this
instant, sir."

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from first page.)

many booths along the Mid, or rushes
up for some of the waiting concourse
where white-coated waiters cry out
the satisfying nature of their offerings.
"Why be lean," says one, "when
here are good fat pork chops to make
you fat?"

There seem enough booths to feed
an army.

Dining on the grounds is one of
the big features of this year's exhibition,
for never before has there been
anything to compare to the comfort
with which this can be managed. The
Dining Hall is so good and airy, the
food and service so good and prompt,
the prices so reasonable that every
day Mr. Dodge, the caterer, has had
all that he could accommodate.

I had the privilege of dining in the
directors' private room, where the
Lieutenant Governor and Premier Sifton,
Mr. Mitchell, the Attorney-General,
Mr. Turnbull, Mr. St. John and
London, Eng., Mr. Babbitt and Mr.
Cawley formed one merry party, the
President, Mr. Bower Campbell, with
his wife and daughter, and some young
friends, were another, and several
smaller groups chatted and enjoyed a
tempting repast.

To a man sensitive to color and
light, evening at the Fair is intoxicating.
Then the strings of light break
into flame, and from a background of
dark green, flash out the outlines of
one building after another. Recollections
of the great World's Fairs you
have attended, throng on life in the
Western World's Fair in miniature,
and you are happy and excited. The
holiday-mood has got you.

But it is when the fireworks begin,
and the long line of Roman candles
shed their rosy light in the foreground,
that the houses of light far
back trick you into fancying that you
are in Fairy-land. Over you, lower
the clouds that have saved you from a
night's brisk frost, you lean back in
the shadow of your seat in the grand-
stand, to see from out a great patch
of black, bombs high in the air exploding
and then discharging long strings
of vari-colored lights, Japanese lanterns, men on horse-back and
queer shapes that sail out into the
night and nothingness. Rockets, leaping
behind them glittering trails of
fire, curve in the air and break into
thousands of green and red and
purple globules of light.

There is a water-fall of flame, showers
of meteorites, swarms of glistening,
whirling tadpoles in the sky, a
silver cloud of stars followed by a
golden one; glow-worms of fire, whistling
rockets, gigantic arrows of gold,
and a thousand beautiful and flaming
figures shooting and twisting about
out on the dark mantle of the sky.

Sheaves of golden grain and other
set and peculiarly Western pieces,
were the final touch to a carnival of
beauty unsurpassed in the history of
Edmonton.

Everything moved like clock-work,
and the people as they made their
way to the cars, sighed contentedly.
Of a surety the Fair of 1910 may be
marked off with big red splashes.

Look! the sun is up! Who ever
doubted but that the Fair would, in
the end, come into its own?

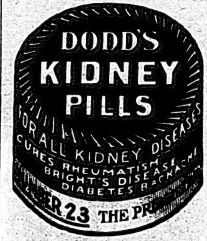
Since the above was written the
writer has enjoyed, under perfect
weather conditions, a day at the big
exposition. Such crowds, such infectious
merriment, such races, such excitement!
For the first time since the set day for
opening, people have apparently felt
free to enter into the spirit of the thing.

The bright sunshine and perfect
track set the horses galloping at a
two-forty pace. The jockeys looked
chirpier; the Bookies began to take
heart of grace.

The fondest hopes of the directors
and Mr. Harrison, whose heart seemed
well-nigh broken earlier in the
week, seem about to be realized.

Edmonton has never been done so
proud in her history, nor her citizens
felt quite so delighted with themselves.

PEGGY.



The Best Face Cream I Ever Used

is what one of our lady customers tells us about

VIOLA CREAM

25c a bottle

Perfumed with violets and made from the purest materials, is not sticky, dries quickly, leaving the skin soft as velvet

F. W. Richardson

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Distributors

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have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and relay carpets which can be cleaned at our works.

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Boer War

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The Canadian Contingent in the Boer War

The Canadian Contingent in the Boer War

The Canadian Contingent in the Boer War

A HEADLINER FOR ANY BILL